The Evening World.

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THE COMMUNIPAW INQUIRY.

UPON the beginning of the inquiry into the dynamite explosion at Communipaw, Public Prosecutor Garven gave out the statement: "It is not our intention to pick out little men in the employ of big corporations and make scapegoats of them." Following that came the report that one of the first disclosures of the inquiry was a statement of eight men summoned as witnesses that they had been offered money to change their testimony.

The two items have doubtless no other relation than that of being developments from the same case. Still each serves to emphasize the other, and to increase public interest in the investigation.

High officials are not so readily absolved by scapegoat processes in these days as they were a few years ago. The law has come very close to the seats of the mighty. It is no longer possible to silence inquiry by hush money, and hardly credible that it has been attempted.

HEROES OF POTTER'S FIELD.

DISCOVERY has been made that a man who died a short time ago in the New York Hospital and was buried in a pauper's grave was an English engineer, a fellow of the Royal Society, who after expending years of toil and a fortune of $100,000 in an effort to augment human control of electrical energy had broken down in the task and died of starvation and exhaustion.

In the scientific eminence of the person and in the amount of money expended this story is unusual, but otherwise it is common enough. The advance of mankind in science and in mechanism has cost much in labor and danger and sacrifice. The daring courage and tireless energy of those that have led the march of the conquering and the colonizing races have been equalled by the patient, laborious ones that have sought out the secrets of truth and mastered the forces of nature.

The Potter's field has its heroes as well as the battlefield. Many a tall monument commemorates the name of some successful one whose triumph was due to the toil of an unknown predecessor who rests in an unmarked grave.

ECONOMY BY COMPULSION.

DURING the fiscal year 1908 there were killed on the street railways of the city 303 persons. During the corresponding year 1910 the number killed was but 152. The death rate of street car accidents had thus been reduced 50 per cent. in two years.

The cause of the decrease in fatalities was the adoption by the street railway companies of a system of safety appliances under orders from the Public Service Commission. The showing carries with it, therefore, a commendation for the work of the Commission, but a condemnation of the commercialism that prevented the companies from providing such appliances upon their own initiative.

The cost of installing the safety devices is estimated at $300,000. The companies will probably save more than that sum in reduced law costs and damages for deaths and accidents. So they gain by the gain to the public. Yet it took compulsion to make them adopt the economy. Such is the way of corporations.

A DELICATE QUESTION.

POLITICIANS in Illinois class Vermilion as an $8,000 county because it is said to require that sum to elect any man to a county office. Investigations now going on there disclose a practice of something like wholesale bribery, both in the county seat, Danville, and in the rural districts.

These reports, following so closely the revelations of bribery in Adams County, Ohio, raise a question as to whether there would be any gain in honesty in shifting the election of Senators from Legislatures to the people.

When Senator Root finished his elaborate review of the Lorimer case and urged that the seat he now holds in the Senate be declared vacant, Senator Bailey met all the facts and the logic and the eloquence with the blunt statement that if Root's argument holds good more seats than that of Lorimer would have to be vacated. The statement may have been true, but would the Senate of the United States gain anything by shifting the election of two of its members from the Illinois legislators to Vermilion County farmers?

Letters From the People

London's Police Headquarters.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Just what is "Scotland Yard" in London? A. R.

The Canal Debate.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In response to the request of a reader I have appended what I think are some of the best arguments upon why the Panama Canal should not be fortified: (1) The canal would be safer in wartime without fortifications, for by the rules of war unfortified places cannot be bombarded. (2) Because Great Britain's policy of non-fortification of the Suez Canal has been very successful. (3) Because the original intention of our Government, clearly expressed up to 1907, was not to fortify. (4) Because our agreement with England to have no fortifications along our Canadian border on either side of the line has been a great success. Until we have tried to make such an agreement with other nations and failed it would be foolish to fortify the canal. (5) Because fortification would cost at least $25,000,000, and possibly not less than $50,000,000, at the start, with constant additions in the years to come. If we must defend the canal in war there would have to be a guard of warships at each end anyhow, and these would be enough without the forts. DAVID COHEN.

Woes of a Policeman's Wife.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The New York policemen often have to wait two weeks for their pay. In the mean time their wives are forced to open accounts with butcher, baker, grocer, &c. When the check does arrive it is often almost spent. I think it is impossible for a woman with children to save money on a policeman's salary when he is so often replacing his uniform. (An entire outfit costs over $100.) It is a struggle to live comfortably, especially when clothing and foodstuff are so high, on $1,400 a year, even if one gets the check on the first day of the month. To wait until two weeks later often means hardships and debt.

PATROLMAN'S WIFE.

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.

Mr. Jarr Joins the Munchausen Class With a Wondrous Tale About a Cargo of Trained Flies

By Roy L. McCardell.

ROY L. McCARDELL

"THIS bear is flat, Gus," said Mr. Rangle.

But he said it in a sort of as-friend-to-friend tone.

Gus gave him a scornful look.

"Maybe you should want me to run over to Munich and bring you back a seidel of Burgerhofbrau?" he asked. "What difference is it what you think about my beer? The pressure is only off."

Mr. Jarr came in at this point and walked over to the cigar lighter.

"Hey!" he cried, "there's no alcohol in this thing. Gimme a match, Gus."

"You go get your matches where you get your cigars," said Gus.

"Have a drink?" asked Mr. Jarr of Mr. Rangle. "Take something yourself, Gus."

Gus sullenly served the beer, and then, going to the cigar box, he took out a cigar and looked at it, and then put it back in the box.

This ceremony signified that Gus would mulct Mr. Jarr the price of the cigar, the supposition being that Gus would smoke it later on.

Mr. Slavinsky came in about this time and sidled over to the free lunch counter. A few bits of shattered bretzel at the bottom of one bowl and some cracker dust in another were the sole remnants of what a card in Gus's window evidently alluded to as "Hot Business Men's Lunch Served All Day."

"My!" said Mr. Slavinsky in a plaintive way, "there ain't any of them cheeses left, even."

"Is it that I disappoint you because you can't have a Welsh rabbit party at your house to-night?" asked Gus.

"As for pickled herrings or sauerbrauten or lieberwurst, I ain't see none here since warm weather."

"Sure," said Gus, "and you won't see any till warm weather again. I don't need any free lunch except crackers and cheese till the summer comes again, and if I was Chay Pierpoint Morgan I couldn't keep enough cheese and crackers on the counter. Slavinsky, sometimes you put so many crackers in your pocket to take home that I think your wife's a parrot."

"Why do you only have solid free lunch in warm weather?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I tell you why," said Gus. "It's because I got a bald head."

"I don't see what free lunch has got to do with alleviating a bald head," suggested Mr. Rangle. "But I'll be the goat. Why don't you have real free lunch till hot weather because you are baldheaded?"

"It ain't any of them 'ask-me-is-it?' jokes," said Gus. "When I have a good free lunch in the summer you see I have them wire netting covers for the free lunch, don't you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jarr, "that's to keep off the flies."

"No," said Gus, "it's to keep them on. When the flies is all on the free lunch I puts the covers on and that traps them, and they don't bother my bald head till some loafer comes in and lifts the cover and lets them out again."

"Why don't you have trained flies?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Trained flies?" repeated Gus. "I never heard of them."

"They are all the rage now," said Mr. Jarr. "You set out fly food for them and then you show them that you'll feed them three times a day and they mustn't light on your face or head or on the bar. So it isn't long before you have no bother with them."

"I don't believe you," said Gus.

"But it's true," said Mr. Rangle, solemnly. "An importer downtown just brought in a whole cargo of those trained flies. They were unloading them off the ship the other day. But you have to be careful of one thing: when beer is the least bit flat they can't keep from drinking it, and they always die."

"Suppose some got away from that ship?" said Gus. "My, I better have Kilmer tap a fresh keg. If some come here that's trained, they are all welcome to stay till summer."

"I'm surprised at you, Gus, falling for that," said Mr. Jarr, relenting.

"You mind your business!" said Gus, indignantly. "I can believe a lie if I want to, and, anyhow, I always see it's stale beer these flies get drowned in, got?"

"All the World's a Stage."

(Little Comedies of Every Day.)

By Alma Woodward.

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A Still Hunt for Studs!

Scene: The apartment of the Tollivers.
Characters: Mr. Tolliver, Mrs. Tolliver and Maggie.

PHONE rings, rousing Mrs. Tolliver from "His Three-Quarters of a Minute" and a box of caramels.

Mrs. T. (swallowing a caramel)—Hello! Hello! Yes! Is this you, John? What? Tickets for the opera? Why, where did you get them, Mr. Smith? Oh, why didn't you phone earlier? It's half-past five now and—— Oh, you just got them! A dress shirt? Yes—yes—I'm sure you have, because I sent it to the laundry last time you wore it, and I remember the day it came back and I put it away. All right! Hurry home so we won't be late! Good-by. (Hangs up receiver.) Maggie! Oh, Maggie! Come here quickly!

Maggie (appears wiping her hands)—Yis, mum, I'm wid ye!

Mrs. T. (breathlessly)—Oh, Maggie, put Mr. Tolliver's dress suit out on the bed, and polish his shoes, and brush my evening coat, and take my puffs over to the hairdresser's to be combed, and wait for them, and—— (Pauses for breath.)

Maggie (stolidly)—Yis, mum!

(The wildest excitement prevails in the Tolliver menage for an hour. At six-thirty Mr. Tolliver, red of face, wilted of collar and disturbed of temper rushes in.)

Mr. T. (spluttering)—Subway blocked twenty minutes below Ninety-first street!

Mrs. T. (pulling the laces a bit tighter)—Well—goodness knows—I told—you to—start early!

Mr. T. (wrathfully flinging off his coat, hat and gloves)—Oh, start! The start was all right, but I defy any one to see the finish when you once get into that subterranean gold brick!

Mrs. T. (calmly)—That's right! Get yourself all excited and your neck'll swell and you won't be able to button your collar.

Maggie—Will I put dinner on, mum?

Mrs. T. (powdering her neck)—Not yet, Maggie. Go on and shave, John, and don't cut yourself!

(There is a silence, broken quite frequently by indistinct but forceful exclamations from the lathered Mr. Tolliver.)

Mrs. T. (shrilly)—Maggie! Maggie, come hook my dress!

Maggie (skidding down the hall)—Is there annything I c'n do fer you, Mr. Tolliver, sir?

Mr. T. (from the depths of a towel)—Yes—get me my studs.

Maggie (halting)—Yer what?

Mr. T. (parting his hair on the bias)—My studs—my pearl studs!

Mrs. T. (from the bedroom)—Where are they, John?

Mr. T. (plastering his mutilated countenance with talcum)—Where are they?

Mrs. T. (graciously)—Maybe I can find them.

Mr. T. (rushing out in dishabille)—Maybe—maybe! How in thunder do you expect me to go to the opera without studs?

Maggie (brilliantly)—Use yer collar buttons, sir!

Mr. T. (with disgust)—Piffle!

(The search is on! There is a grand scooping out of closets, bureau drawers, &c. Mrs. Tolliver loses the pristine freshness of her makeup, Mr. Tolliver assumes apoplectic shades. Maggie alone survives.)

Mr. T. (from the midst of a pile of steamer rugs, down pillows and old lace curtains)—Turn off the steam, some one. This closet is worse than a Turkish bath!

Mrs. T.—Where's the shirt?

Mr. T. (transfixing her with a glassy stare)—What the—what's the use of a shirt when you haven't got the studs?

Maggie (in another burst of inspiration)—Shure, wear wan av yer long ties, sir, an' we'll pin the shirt underneath!

Mr. T. (wrathfully)—Get out of here! Go on! Back to your cage!

Mrs. T. (taking dress shirt from drawer)—Oh, John, just look! The studs are in the shirt! I remember now. I put them in as soon as it came from the laundry! Wasn't that thoughtful of me, dear?

Mr. T. (viewing his cyclonic reflection in the mirror)—Oh, you'll die of thoughtfulness some day, you will!

In the Tall Timbers

"IFS" That Changed History

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 31—An Afternoon Stroll That Drove America Gold-Crazy.

IF James Marshall, an eccentric New Jersey man, had not happened to stroll through the bed of an empty California mill race, one afternoon in 1848——

Marshall was working for a pioneer, Capt. Sutter, who had settled in California before the Mexican war. Sutter had come to America from Germany, had slowly wandered across the continent and had started a ranch near the site of the present city of Sacramento.

He decided to build a saw mill and to cut up his own lumber. That was the real opening of the California gold fields.

Sutter sent James Marshall, a visionary, unpractical wheelwright, from New Jersey, to choose a site for this mill. Marshall selected a spot in the little Coloma Valley, where there was fine water power. The rude wooden mill was built. So was the dam. And a mill-race was dug out.

At last the mill-race and its gates were ready. The water was turned in so that the loose earth and gravel might be washed away from the bottom of the race. Then the water was shut off again, leaving the race dry and clean.

A "Dreamer" and What He Found.

On the afternoon of Jan. 19, 1848, Marshall went for a walk. His wanderings carried him through the washed and dry bed of the mill-race. As he strolled aimlessly along the bottom of the race he noticed that the sunlight was reflected from many little yellowish specks in the rotten granite that formed the bed-rock.

Always on the lookout for unusual things, he stooped and scraped out several of these shiny particles. They were smooth and brass colored, and averaged about the size of a grain of wheat. One was a lump nearly as heavy as a ten-dollar gold piece.

Marshall ran back to the mill and announced that he had found gold. The men guyed him unmercifully, and for days he was the laughing stock of the camp. But ridicule made him all the more stubborn in his belief. He resolved to test the bits of metal. But he had no regular means of doing it. He gave the biggest nugget to a Mrs. Wimmer, and told her to boil it in saleratus water. As a joke she tossed it, instead, into a kettle of boiling soap. But next morning Marshall fished it out and found the lye in the soap had not discolored it. Nor did a bath in vinegar stain its lustre.

Marshall had the specimens sent to an old miner and carried some of the "dust" to Sutter. Experts at once declared the metal to be pure gold. A newspaper mentioned the fact—and the life-and-death race for wealth set in.

First, California settlers turned from all other work and began to flock to the goldfields. Towns were emptied, business ceased. Newspapers and shops closed down. The West had gone gold-crazy. Across the continent—across the world—flashed the tidings. And the wild yearning for wealth dragged hosts of men from peaceful Eastern or European homes.

The rush was on. New Yorkers, Southerners, New Englanders, sturdy pioneers of the Middle West—men of the plough, of workshops, and of the pen alike—dropped their trades or professions, left their comfortable homes and plunged into the wilderness on a perilous 3,000-mile journey in search of fortune.

It was a state of affairs seldom found in all history. Men sold farms, houses, valuables and drew from the banks their life-savings in order to get passage and equipment for this land of promise on the other side of the continent. Men who were unfit for hard work or for privations, old men and men who knew nothing about mining, all rushed to the Eldorado where they supposed gold could be found for the looking.

Across the prairies plodded long, slow lines of caravans, headed west, crowded with gold-seekers. Many of these adventurers sickened and died from exposure. More perished from starvation or were killed by Indians. But the mad rush did not slacken.

An Insane Treasure Hunt.

Into California poured the treasure-hunters. Some of them found a little gold. A few of them cleaned up great fortunes. Thousands either crept back home in utter poverty or left their bones to whiten in the gulches. The majority would have been far better off if Marshall had never taken that famous stroll through the empty Coloma mill-race.

Then began a strange phase of life in California. An era of rough lawlessness such as Bret Harte so vividly describes in his Western stories; an era of danger, crime, bloodshed, sudden wealth, heartbreaking hardships, out of which California was one day to rise from sordid confusion to greatness.

Marshall himself joined in the mining mania. But he failed miserably. Sutter, too, was ruined by the gold rush. Both men were pensioned by the California Legislature. But after a time their pensions were withdrawn. Marshall died in 1855 in a hovel not far from the spot where he first found gold. A monument has since been erected to his memory. Sutter, too, died miserably poor.

We laugh at the ignorant sixteenth century Spaniards who thought America was a miraculous treasure land. Were they really much more to be laughed at than the throngs of "enlightened" nineteenth century Americans who had the same insane ideas about California?

The Day's Good Stories

Had Him Treed.

HE had never fished before and his rod was new and shining with resplendent varnish. Faultlessly attired, he was whipping a trout stream when, by some odd chance, he got a bite. He had hooked a one-pounder, from the way the line strained.

He was not playing the fish at all. With rod held straight ahead he was slowly and steadily reeling him in. How he managed to hold the fish was beyond me.

Presently the fish was directly below the end of the rod. Did he sting? No—he kept on reeling the fish in, and just as I reached the water's edge the fish's head touched the top. The man even tried to pull him through the ring.

Just then he saw me standing on shore, waving my arms. He turned to me with a bewildered look and said: "What shall I do now?"

"The only thing you can do now," I said, "is to climb up the pole after him."—St. Paul Despatch.

Ho's Won't Do It.

WITHOUT doubt the wit and humor of the father descended upon the child, in the case of James R. Sheehan Jr.

The youthful James has developed two hobbies within his short life; one is the supervision of the police and the other is horses, especially fire horses.

Last evening the boy hurried into the house for supper, after spending the afternoon "following" the hooky "fire eaters," and in admiring "Jim" and "Tim," his favorite team, which draw the heavy ladder truck of the nearby station about town as if it were a mere perambulator.

"Father," said the youth, addressing Director Sheehan, "there is certainly one thing they will never sell a horse to a mere perambulator."

"Well, what is that, sonny?" queried the director unsuspectingly.

"Why, father, they will never set a horse to draw an aeroplane out of a cloudbank, will they, father?"

May Manton Fashions

Fancy Blouse—Pattern No. 6876.

THE fancy blouse made with the sleeves is a pronounced favorite. This one is made with shaped trimming portions and with a belt that is novel and smart. It can be finished with or without the under sleeves and the yoke can be omitted, making it half low.

The waist is made over a lining which can be fitted by means of darts or gathered at the lower edge, in guimpe style. The under sleeves are made with upper and under portions and are inserted in this lining and when the yoke is desired fancy material is faced onto the lining. The blouse is cut in one piece and the trimming portions are joined to the upper and sleeve edges. The fancy portions of the belt overlap the plain portions and are attached by means of buttons.

For the medium size will be required 2¾ yards of material 24 or 27 in. wide or 1¾ yards 36 or 44 in. wide, with ¾ yard of velvet and 1 yard of all-over lace to make as illustrated.

Pattern No. 6876 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Lexington avenue and Twenty-third street, or send by mail to MAY MANTON PATTERN CO., 132 E. Twenty-third street, N. Y. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.